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JAN

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



April 11
McFarlane

BRAD

imageTM **COMICS PRESENTS:**

"FUGITIVES Part 2"



Spawn #40 Summary:

Spawn finds several bums messing with his throne who, unbeknownst to Spawn, have booby trapped it. The throne attacks Spawn rendering him useless. Several unknown creatures drive a fork lift right through Spawn and the throne, cover his body with a crate, and cart him off. Meanwhile, Terry and Wanda try to understand Spawn's involvement in both the government and their lives. At the same time, a local sheriff investigates the sightings of a big foot type creature, who is actually Cy-Gor, that has slaughtered numerous animals in his path. The police attack Cy-Gor after he mauls one of their dogs. Cy-Gor ends up protecting little Tony before retreating to the safety of the forest. An unconscious Spawn finally awakens and finds himself in the clutches of The Curse who has begun dissecting his body, and is about to remove his brain.

FOR IMAGE COMICS
LARRY MARDER - exec. director

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ARMAGEDDON.

THE PLACE WHERE IT ALL ENDS: ULTIMATE GOOD VERSUS ULTIMATE EVIL IN THE LAST BEST EXAMPLE OF HOLY WARFARE.

THE WINNER, IT HAS BEEN PROPHESIED, WILL REIGN ETERNALLY. SUCH A PRIZE IS COVETED BY BOTH SIDES, THE SUPERNATURALLY OPPOSING CAMPS WHOSE PHILOSOPHIES INSPIRE US HUMANS. WHILE SOME OF US SEEK HARMONY WITH ALL PEOPLE AND THINGS, OTHERS WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO THWART AND HUMILIATE THEM. AND DAY BY DAY, HEAVEN AND HELL NUDGE US AS THEY'VE DONE FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES... GROOMING US INTO ARMIES WHICH WILL CHARGE HEADLONG INTO BATTLE UNTIL THE ENEMY HAS, AT LAST, BEEN SILENCED.

NOW, TODAY, SOME SAY THAT THE END TIMES HAVE BEGUN. BEHAVIOR AMONG MANY PEOPLE HAS BECOME MORE EXTREME, AND THE RECRUITMENT OF SOULS HAS GAINED A NEW INTENSITY. AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH, EACH SOUL IS WELCOMED TO BOTH HEAVEN AND HELL. FROM THIS POOL OF MILLIONS THE TWO SIDES SEEK NEW CANDIDATES. MOST ARE WORTHY BUT UNREMARKABLE... ACCEPTED, WELCOMED, ABSORBED INTO THE ASSEMBLED WHOLE. AND OCCASIONALLY, A JEWEL WORKS ITS WAY TO THE FORE.

THEY ARE GIVEN POWER. A NEW LIFE. ANOTHER CHANCE TO USE EARTH AS A LEARNING FACILITY. IN HEAVEN, THIS SORT ARE CALLED "ANGELS". IN HELL, THEY ARE KNOWN AS "SPAWN".

LIEUTENANT COLONEL AL SIMMONS WAS SUCH A FIND. HE HAD THE RIGHT WIRING. THE GIFT. HELL COULD ONLY SMILE WHEN HE CAME DOWN THE CHUTE. FOR YOU SEE, A GREAT ARMY DEMANDS GREAT LEADERS. AL SIMMONS' LIFE SHOWED HIS POTENTIAL. DUTY FIRST. BLIND OBEDIENCE TO HIS SUPERIORS, WITH A GOOD SENSE OF IMPROVISATION IN THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THEIR GOALS. IN ALL, A CREDIT TO HIS OFFICIALLY-SANCTIONED ASSASSINS' TRAINING.

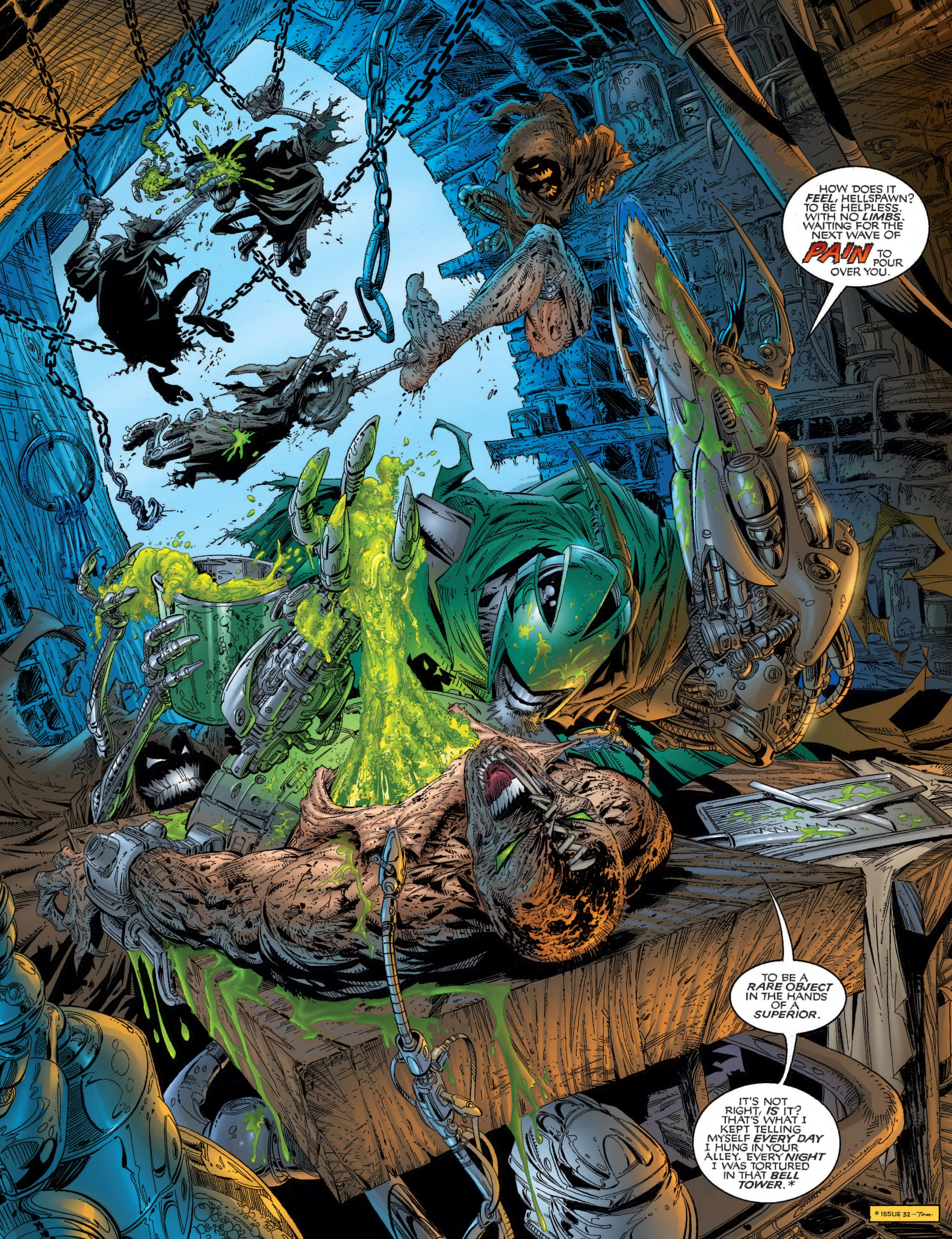
BETTER YET, HE HAD COME WILLINGLY INTO THE DOMAIN OF SIN. HIS LOVE FOR HIS WIFE INSPIRED HIS INFERNAL BARGAIN.

NOW, HE'S AN OFFICER-IN-TRAINING, AND THE TIME HAS COME AGAIN FOR HELL TO PUT HIM THROUGH HIS PACES... TO SEE IF HE IS TRULY WORTHY OF HIS POST. AND, IF EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT, THIS SPAWN WILL LEAD THE LEGIONS OF DARKNESS THROUGH A GREAT AND DECISIVE BATTLE AND INTO VICTORY.

ALL HE HAS TO DO IS PASS THE TESTS.

SURVIVE
THE
MADNESS.

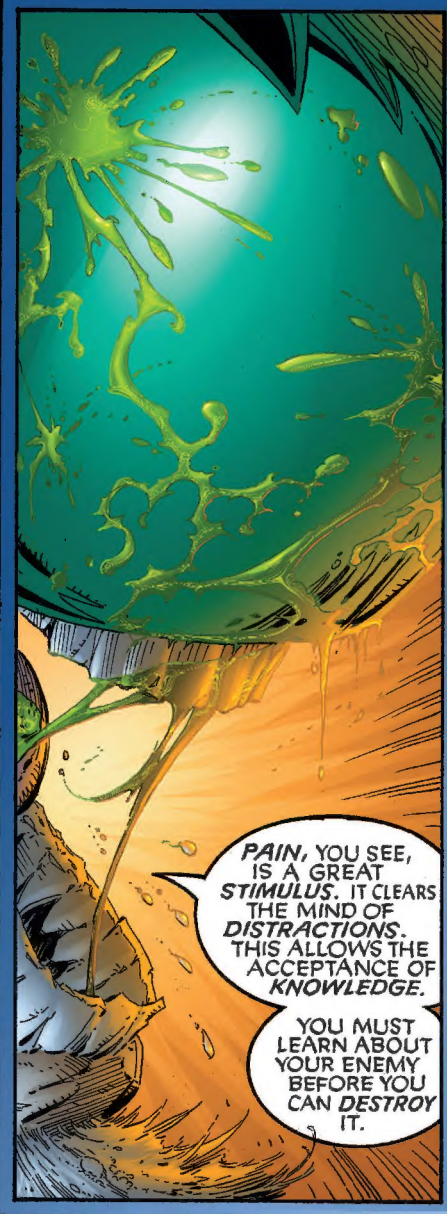


A full-page comic book illustration depicting a scene of intense torture. In the center, a large, green, hooded figure with a metallic, mask-like face is shown from the chest up. This figure is holding a severed, screaming human head in its right hand. The head has a wide-open mouth showing sharp teeth and a red tongue. A bright, yellow-green, gaseous or liquid substance is erupting from the neck of the severed head. To the right, a large, complex mechanical arm with multiple joints and a claw-like end is reaching towards the central figure. In the upper left, several severed limbs and body parts are suspended in the air by thick metal chains. The background is a dark, industrial setting with various mechanical components and structures. The overall color palette is dominated by blues, greys, and the bright yellow-green of the substance.

HOW DOES IT
FEEL, HELLSPAWN?
TO BE HELPLESS.
WITH NO LIMBS.
WAITING FOR THE
NEXT WAVE OF
PAIN TO POUR
OVER YOU.

TO BE A
RARE OBJECT
IN THE HANDS
OF A
SUPERIOR.

IT'S NOT
RIGHT, IS IT?
THAT'S WHAT I
KEPT TELLING
MYSELF EVERY DAY
I HUNG IN YOUR
ALLEY. EVERY NIGHT
I WAS TORTURED
IN THAT BELL
TOWER.*



YEARS OF STUDY HAVE GIVEN ME GREAT *INSIGHT* INTO THE ORIGIN OF SIN. AND *EVIL*. WHERE DO THEY GAIN THEIR POWER?

WHY, FROM *WITHIN*.

YOU ARE MADE OF *NECRO-PLASM*. THE FLESH AND BLOOD OF *HELL*, IF YOU WILL. AND WITHIN THAT FLESH DWELLS HATRED. ANGER. LUST. ALL THE *DEADLY SINS* OF MANKIND.

THOUGH GOD *FORSAOK* ME IN MY HOUR OF NEED, IT IS STILL MY MISSION TO *DESTROY* ANY *WICKEDNESS*.

PAIN, YOU SEE, IS A GREAT *STIMULUS*. IT CLEARS THE MIND OF *DISTRACTIONS*. THIS ALLOWS THE ACCEPTANCE OF *KNOWLEDGE*.

YOU MUST LEARN ABOUT YOUR ENEMY BEFORE YOU CAN *DESTROY* IT.



IF I CAN DISCOVER YOUR SECRET--*CONTROL* IT-- THEN I WILL HAVE POWER OVER *SATAN*.

THEN, HE WILL
HAVE TO THINK
TWICE BEFORE
SENDING *ANOTHER*
OF HIS AGENTS TO
EARTH *EVER*
AGAIN.

WHILE YOU
FIGHT THE OPERATION,
CONSIDER THAT
YOUR DEATH WILL BE
THE SALVATION OF
THE *MILLIONS* OF
SOULS DAMNED TO
DARKNESS.

EACH PART
OF YOUR BODY IS
NOW BEING PREPARED
FOR SHIPMENT--TO BE
STUDIED BY SOME OF
THE GREATEST MINDS
ON EARTH.

EACH HAS
A PASSION
FOR PURITY
FOR *GOOD*.

BUT THERE ARE
STILL A FEW
DETAILS TO BE
IRONED OUT.

SO I MUST
LEAVE
YOU.

BUT DON'T
WORRY, THE
DRUGS WILL
HOLD YOU UNTIL I
CAN FINISH YOUR
DISSECTION.



YOU'D SEEN
IT BEFORE.
PLENTY OF
TIMES.



A PIECE
LYING
HERE.



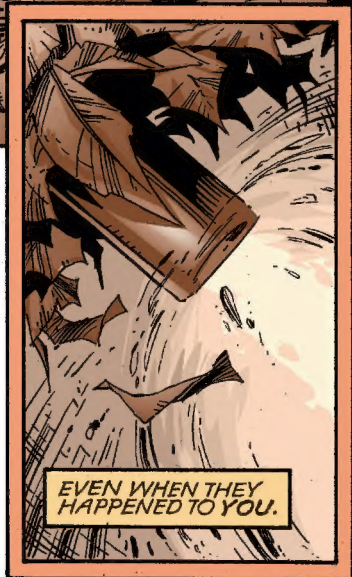
ANOTHER,
HANGING
THERE.

IT'S WHAT WAR'S
ABOUT. MESSAGES.
THE LOUDER, THE
BETTER.

YOU WERE ONLY
21 YEARS OLD
AT THE TIME.



IT BOTHERED YOU
THAT SOMEONE SO
YOUNG COULD TUNE
OUT THE HORRORS.



EVEN WHEN THEY
HAPPENED TO YOU.

THE CAPTAIN SAID THE AREA
WAS SECURED. YOU AND TIM
WERE TO CARVE A PATHWAY
NORTHEAST.



THE AMBUSH CAUGHT YOU BOTH FLAT-FOOTED. BUT THE TWO OF YOU HELD OUT, SAYING NOTHING OTHER THAN TO CUSS YOUR ENEMY.

HE WANTED TO KNOW YOUR UNIT'S NEW MISSION...

... DEMANDING TO KNOW, AGAIN AND AGAIN-- AND EACH TIME, YOU HELD SILENCE. YOUR PARTNER PAID THE PRICE.

TIM BEGGED YOU TO SAY NOTHING. SAID HE WOULD RATHER DIE THAN BETRAY HIS FRIENDS.

IT TOOK ALMOST TEN HOURS BEFORE TIM STOPPED MOVING.

NOW IT WAS YOUR TURN, AND ALL YOU COULD THINK ABOUT WAS HOW YOU'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE ABLE TO EXACT REVENGE.

IT'S THE FIRST INSTANCE YOU CAN RECALL OF WANTING TO MURDER.

POW

HIS NAME WAS 'SAIGON,' THE SOLDIER WHO SAVED YOU. AFTER THAT DAY, YOU LEARNED TO KILL TOGETHER.



SO,
WHAT'S
THE STATUS
OF THINGS
TODAY?

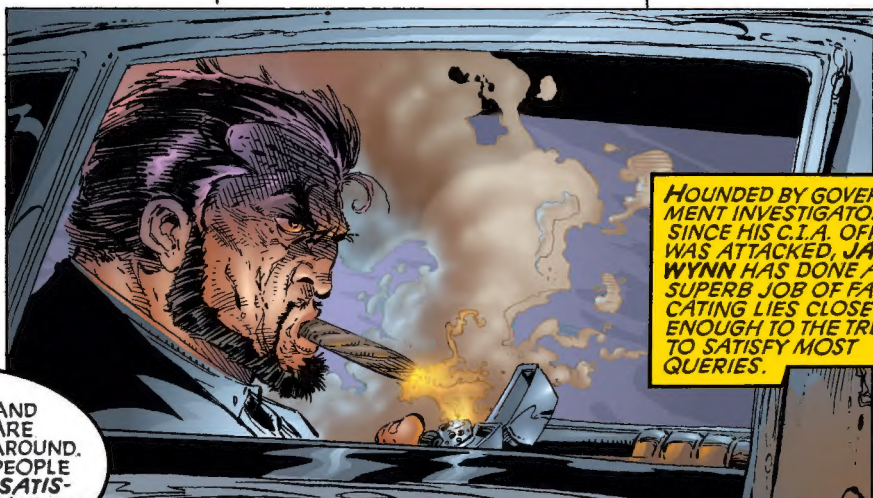
THE
PENTAGON AND
THE BUREAU ARE
STILL CREEPING AROUND.
IT SEEMS SOME PEOPLE
ARE NOT QUITE SATIS-
FIED WITH THE RANDOM
ATTACK THEORY.

WE'VE DONE OUR
BEST TO QUELL ANY
DAMAGING SPECULATION.
THEIR FINAL QUESTIONING
HAS BEEN DELAYED UNTIL
YOUR RELEASE FROM
THE HOSPITAL.

THEY WANT TO
MEET WITH YOU AT
YOUR EARLIEST
CONVENIENCE.

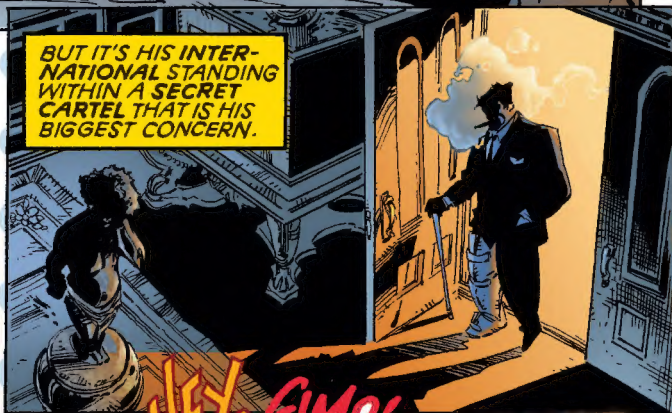
SCREW
THOSE BOY
SCOUTS! GET
ME HOME.

YES,
SIR.



HOUSED BY GOVERN-
MENT INVESTIGATORS
SINCE HIS C.I.A. OFFICE
WAS ATTACKED, JASON
WYNN HAS DONE A
SUPERB JOB OF FABRI-
CATING LIES CLOSE
ENOUGH TO THE TRUTH
TO SATISFY MOST
QUERIES.

BUT IT'S HIS INTER-
NATIONAL STANDING
WITHIN A SECRET
CARTEL THAT IS HIS
BIGGEST CONCERN.

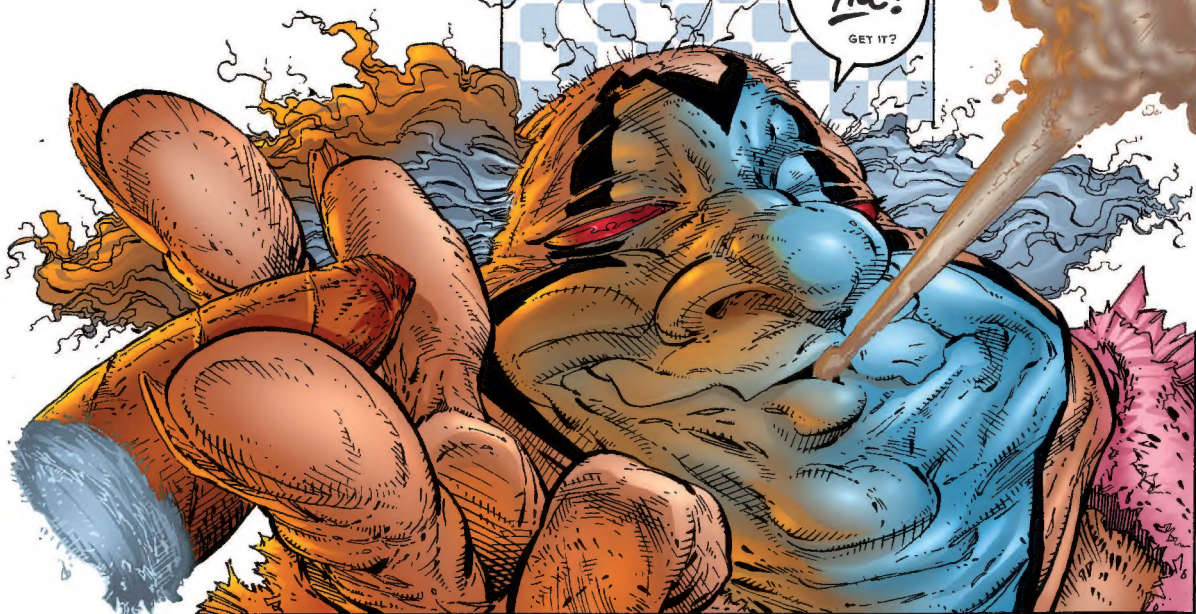


HEY-GIMP!

ABOUT
TIME YOU SHOWED.
I WAS BEGINNING
TO THINK I'D BEEN
STOOD UP... BY
A CRIPPLE.

HEE
HEE!

GET IT?



HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET IN?

MY, MY. A LITTLE EDGY, ARE WE? LOOK, WYNN, YOU SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED WITH ME ANYMORE.

I DO THINGS. ACCEPT IT.

LIKE THIS WHOLE SPAWN FIASCO. I TOLD YOU I'D TAKE CARE OF THINGS. DIDN'T I?

BUT THE PROBLEM, MY DEAR JASON, IS THAT YOU HAVEN'T LIVED UP TO YOUR PART OF THE DEAL. SEE, IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, THOSE GOVERNMENT LADS WOULD'VE STRUNG YOU UP BY YOUR BALLS LAST WEEK.

INSTEAD, I'VE LEFT A COUPLE LOOSE ENDS DANGLING THAT CAN EASILY BE CAPPED...

...WHICH THEY'LL BE IF YOU GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER.

I'M NOT IMPRESSED SO FAR.

YES YOU ARE. OTHERWISE YOU'D HAVE TRIED TO KILL ME ALREADY.

I'VE ASKED YOU FOR ONLY ONE THING: HARASS THE CRAP OUTTA MY PAL SPAWN. LYING ON YOUR BACK IN A HOSPITAL AIN'T DOING IT FOR ME.

TERRY. WANDA. GRANDMA BLAKE. REMEMBER THEM? THE NOOSE ISN'T AROUND THEIR NECKS TIGHT ENOUGH.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM.

I'M COUNTING ON IT.

SOUTH. THAT'S THE DIRECTION IT'S BEEN HEADING. FOR FIVE DAYS.

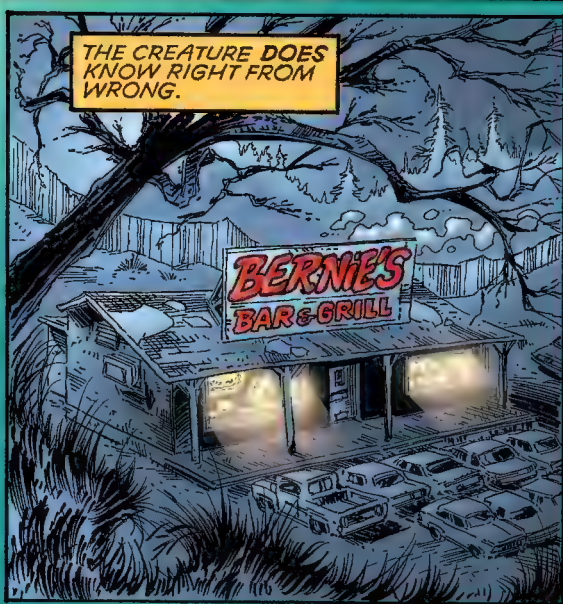
EATING OCCASIONALLY ALONG THE WAY. ALWAYS MELDING WITH THE SHADOWS OF THE ROAD-SIDE GROWTH.

AND NEVER TRAVELING DURING DAYLIGHT.

THAT WOULD BE BAD.



THE CREATURE DOES KNOW RIGHT FROM WRONG.



I LOVE YOU, SUE.

NO YOU DON'T. YOU'RE DRUNK.

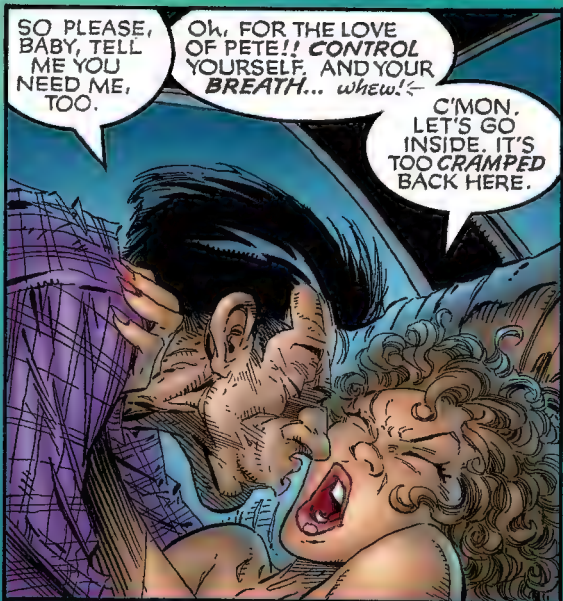
YES I AM.



SO PLEASE, BABY, TELL ME YOU NEED ME, TOO.

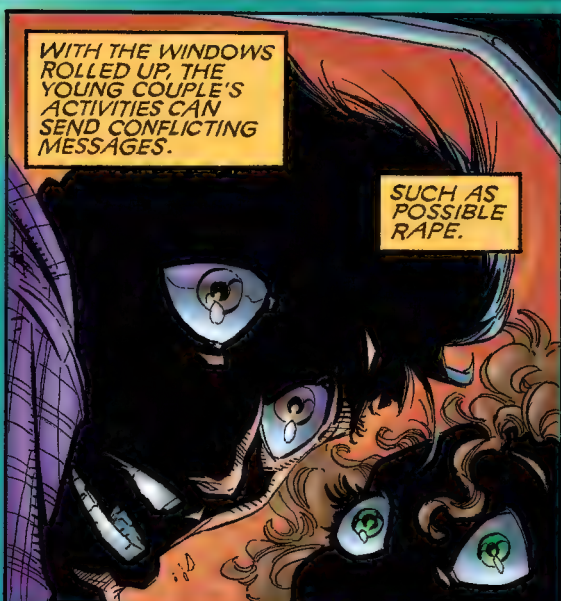
OK, FOR THE LOVE OF PETE!! CONTROL YOURSELF. AND YOUR BREATH... *whew!*


C'MON. LET'S GO INSIDE. IT'S TOO CRAMPED BACK HERE.



WITH THE WINDOWS ROLLED UP, THE YOUNG COUPLE'S ACTIVITIES CAN SEND CONFLICTING MESSAGES.

SUCH AS POSSIBLE RAPE.





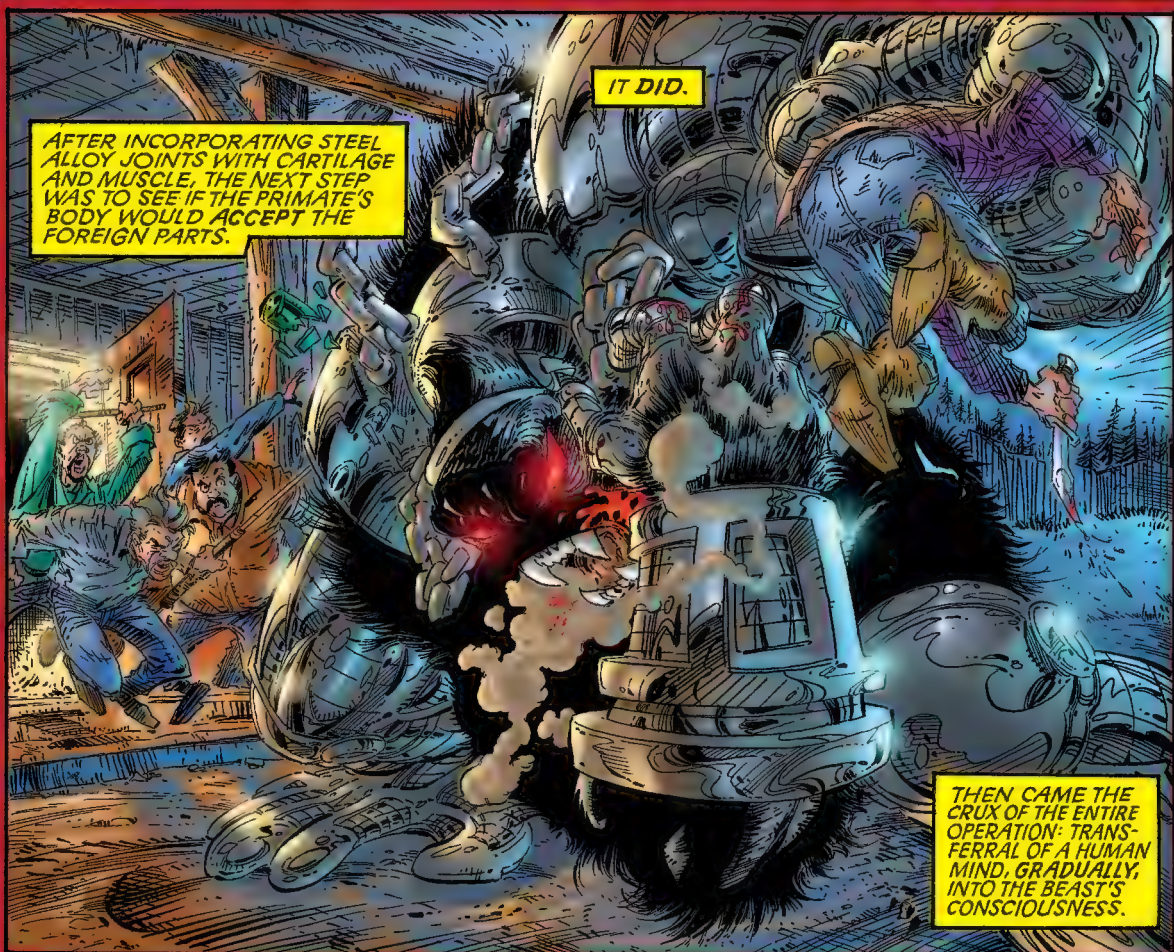
**A PERFECT SOLDIER.
THAT'S WHAT THE
VARIOUS TECHNICIANS
ATTEMPTED TO CREATE.**

**CYBERNETIC APPENDAGES
WERE SURGICALLY
GRAFTED TO FLESH. THE
FIRST EXPERIMENTS
FAILED MISERABLY. A
NORMAL MAN COULDN'T
TOLERATE THE PAIN ONCE
THE DRUGS WORE OFF.**

**ANOTHER
SUBJECT WAS
NEEDED. MAN'S
EVOLUTIONARY
COUSIN, THE
APE.**

**ONLY THE BIGGEST
AND STRONGEST OF
THE ILLEGALLY IMPORTED
SIMIANS WERE SENT
TO THE LAB.**

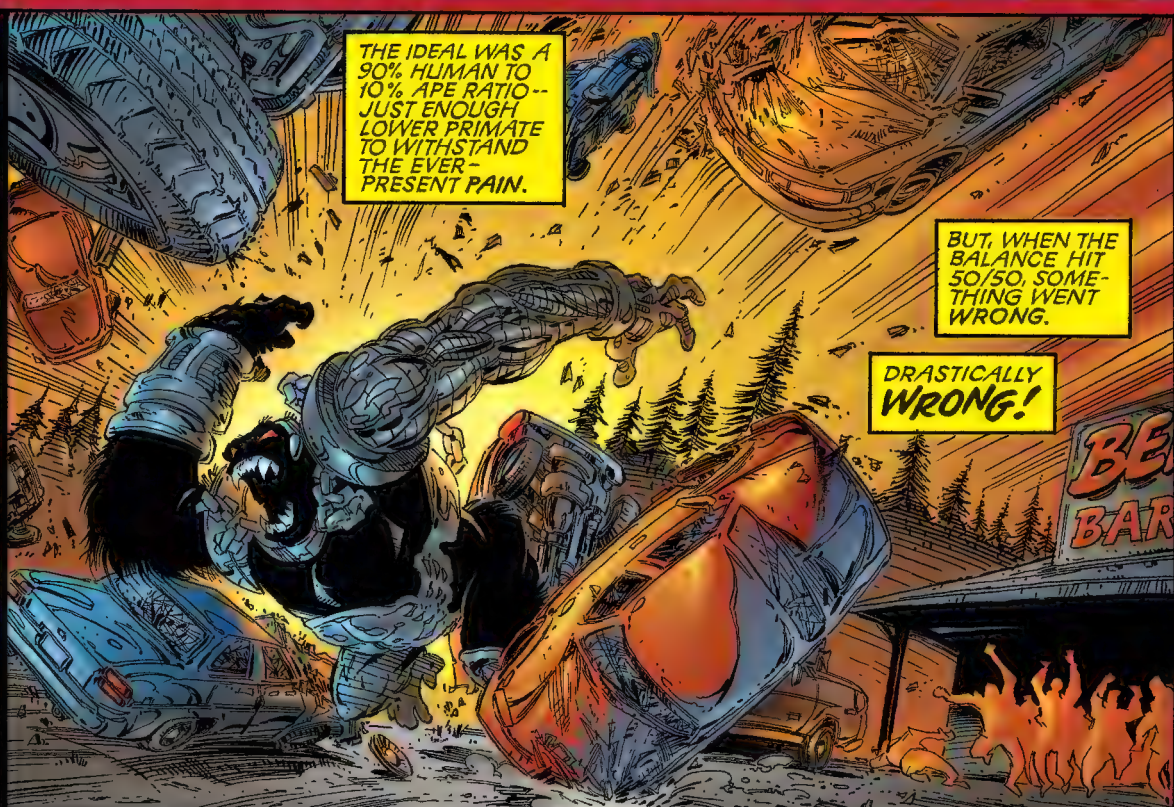
**ONES CAPABLE
OF ENDURING
THE ATROCITIES.**



IT DID.

AFTER INCORPORATING STEEL ALLOY JOINTS WITH CARTILAGE AND MUSCLE, THE NEXT STEP WAS TO SEE IF THE PRIMATE'S BODY WOULD ACCEPT THE FOREIGN PARTS.

THEN CAME THE CRUX OF THE ENTIRE OPERATION: TRANSFERRAL OF A HUMAN MIND, GRADUALLY, INTO THE BEAST'S CONSCIOUSNESS.




THE IDEAL WAS A 90% HUMAN TO 10% APE RATIO-- JUST ENOUGH LOWER PRIMATE TO WITHSTAND THE EVER- PRESENT PAIN.


BUT, WHEN THE BALANCE HIT 50/50, SOMETHING WENT WRONG.

DRASTICALLY WRONG!

BE
BAR



NOW, THOSE WHO
BANKROLLED
THE VENTURE
HAVE SEEN THEIR
ASSET JUST UP
AND LEAVE.



PUT THAT
AWAY, KURT.
YOU KNOW
THEY DON'T
WANT ANY
DAMAGE
DONE TO THE
MONKEY.

JUST A
PRECAUTION.
IN CASE SOME-
BODY POKES
THEIR NOSE
WHERE IT DON'T
BELONG.

THEY WANT
IT **BACK.**


INTACT.



GIVE IT A
REST, KURT. WE
WERE HIRED TO
DETAIN IT, IF
POSSIBLE. THE
FIELD OPS WILL
SEE TO ITS
CAPTURE.

WE JUST
NEED TO
PINPOINT
IT, THEN WE'RE
THROUGH. SO
QUIT LOOKING
FOR TROUBLE.

OUR CLIENTS
ARE PISSY
ENOUGH AS
IT IS. HAVEN'T
SEEN THEM
LIKE **THIS** IN
YEARS.

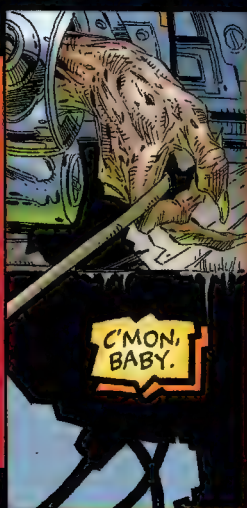


AND THEY
SURE AIN'T
GOING TO BE
TOO HAPPY THAT
THEIR MONKEY-
BOY MIGHT COME
INTO **CIVILIAN**
CONTACT.

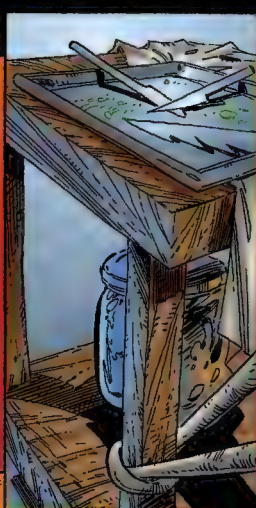
THAT'LL DRAW
UNNECESSARY
ATTENTION.

HOPE THE
CREATURE'S
SMART ENOUGH
TO **AVOID**
THAT TOWN.

IT WASN'T.

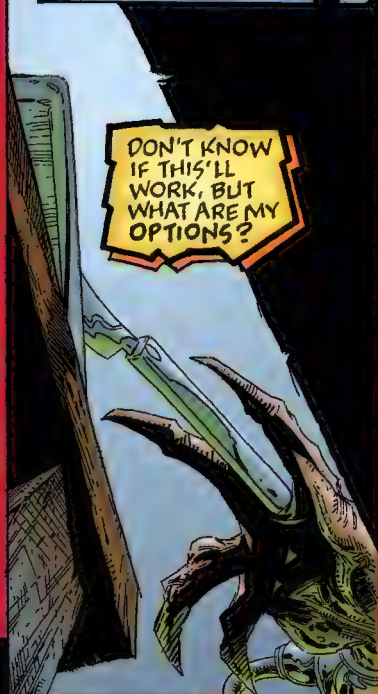


C'MON,
BABY.

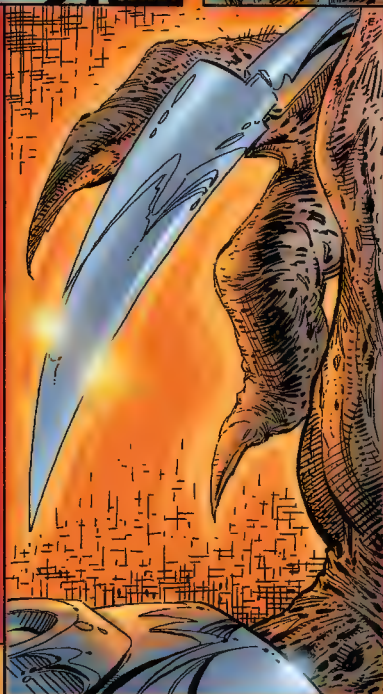


JUST A BIT
CLOSER.

THAT
SHOULD
DO IT.



DON'T KNOW
IF THIS'LL
WORK, BUT
WHAT ARE MY
OPTIONS?



TWENTY MINUTES.
THAT'S HOW LONG
IT TOOK HIM TO
INCH THE GURNEY
A COUPLE YARDS.

ANOTHER
HALF DOZEN
MINUTES PASS.

THE KNIFE NEARLY
SLIPS OUT TWICE,
AND THEN DOES
ACTUALLY FALL
WHEN ITS TASK
IS COMPLETE.

KLANG!



HAVE TO CONCENTRATE...
NO! IT'S GOING IN THE
WRONG DIRECTION!

IT TAKES
ANOTHER
3 MINUTES
FOR MIND
AND LIMBS
TO GET IN
SYNC.



THUD!



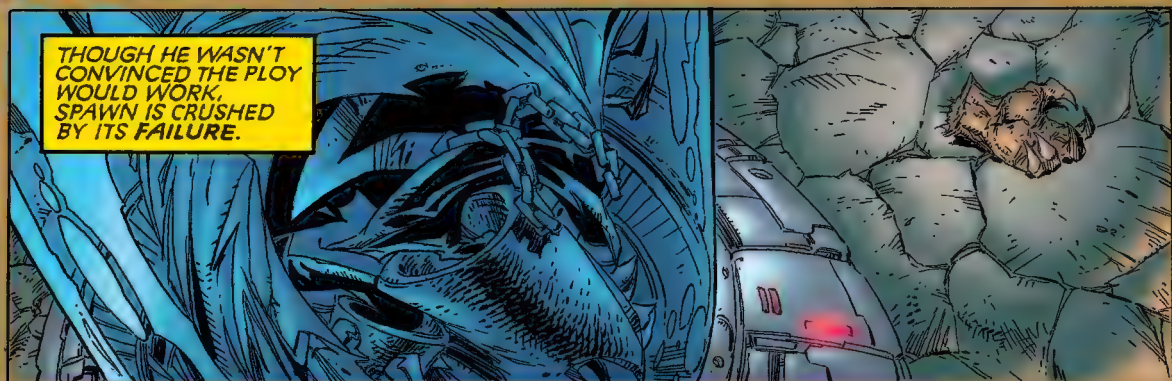
DAMN!



THUK!



DAMN!
THE DRUGS
MADE ME
TOO WEAK!



THOUGH HE WASN'T
CONVINCED THE PLOY
WOULD WORK,
SPAWN IS CRUSHED
BY ITS FAILURE.

EVEN HAD HE
SUCCEEDED, IT
MIGHT NOT HAVE
MATTERED--
FOR JUST THEN,
CURSE RETURNS.

I WANT
EACH PIECE
PROPERLY
HANDLED AND
SEALED SO THAT
THERE IS NO LOSS
OF LIQUID IN
ANY OF THE
CONTAINERS.

DOUBLE-
CHECK THE
BOUYANCY
LEVELS. I DON'T
NEED ANY TISSUE
GETTING UNDULY
HARMED.

THE DATA
WE GLEAN
FROM THESE
DEMON PARTS
MUST BE AS
UNCORRUPTED
AS POSSIBLE.

ESPECIALLY
THE FINAL
AND GREATEST
TREASURE-- HIS

BRAIN!

THEREIN
LIES THE
KEY TO
UNLOCK
ALL MY
ANSWERS.

RESIDING
SOMEWHERE
IN HIS
SUBCONSCIOUS
IS THE REASON
FOR EVIL.



SO LOOK AROUND
ONE LAST TIME,
THESE WILL BE THE
FINAL IMAGES YOUR
VILE MIND SHALL
EVER PERCEIVE.

YOUR
DECAPITATION
WILL CULMINATE
YEARS OF
RESEARCH. A
LIFETIME OF WORK
IS FINALLY TO BE
REWARDED.

I'LL MAKE
THIS AS
PAINFUL AS
POSSIBLE.

HA HA
HA


WHAT'S
THIS?

YOUR
WRIST
WOULDN'T
BE ABLE
TO SLIP
THROUGH
THE SPECIAL
SENSORS.

YOU'VE
LOST
A HAND.
IMPRESSIVE.
BUT YOUR
SHACKLES
INSTANTLY
NEGATE SUCH
ESCAPES.

BUT
I MUST
COMMEND
YOU. SELF-
AMPUTATION
IS AN ACT
REQUIRING
COURAGE.

BY NOW
YOU'VE
NOTICED
THAT I
REMOVED MY
REMAINING
ARM SINCE
LAST WE
MET.



THE VOICE OF
THE CURSE IS
SUDDENLY
DROWNED
OUT.

A HAIRLINE
FRACTURE IN THE
HOLDING TANK
WAS ALL THE
UNIFORM NEEDED.

SPAWN'S
HAND HAD
DONE ITS
JOB.

SO NOW, LIKE SOME
RABID, STARVING
BEAST RELEASED
FROM ITS CAGE, THE
UNIFORM GOES WILD.



FLAILING.
SCREAMING.
DESTROYING.

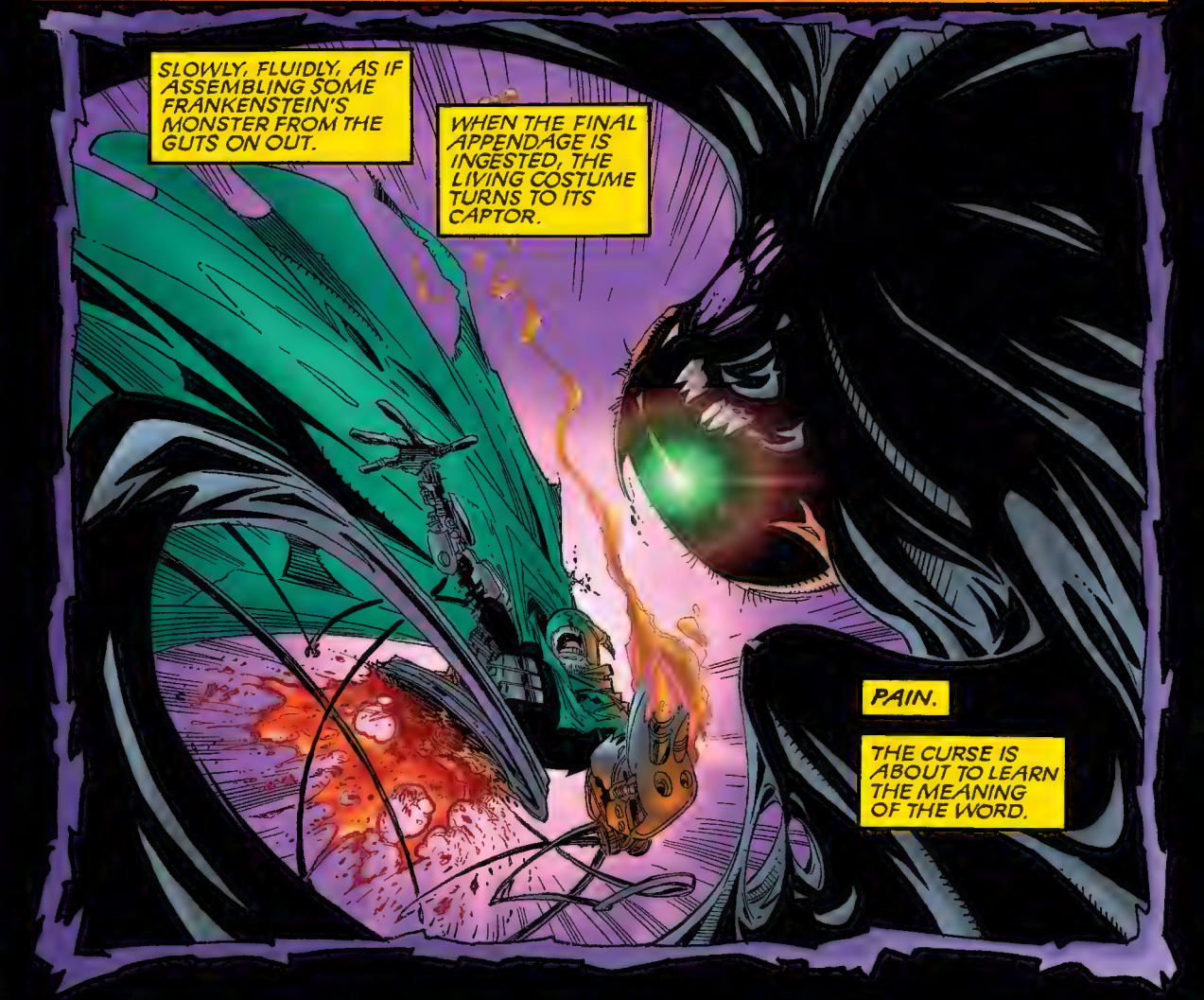
IT SEEKS ITS HOST
BODY. THE ONE
THING THAT WILL
NOURISH IT.



THEN, AWARE-
NESS GROWS.
ITS HOST IS NOT
GONE, ONLY
FRAGMENTED.

IT RAMPAGES NOW
WITH **DIRECTION**,
SWALLOWING THE
FORMER AL SIMMONS
PIECE BY PIECE,

LIMB
BY
LIMB.



SLOWLY, FLUIDLY, AS IF
ASSEMBLING SOME
FRANKENSTEIN'S
MONSTER FROM THE
GUTS ON OUT.

WHEN THE FINAL
APPENDAGE IS
INGESTED, THE
LIVING COSTUME
TURNS TO ITS
CAPTOR.

PAIN.

THE CURSE IS
ABOUT TO LEARN
THE MEANING
OF THE WORD.

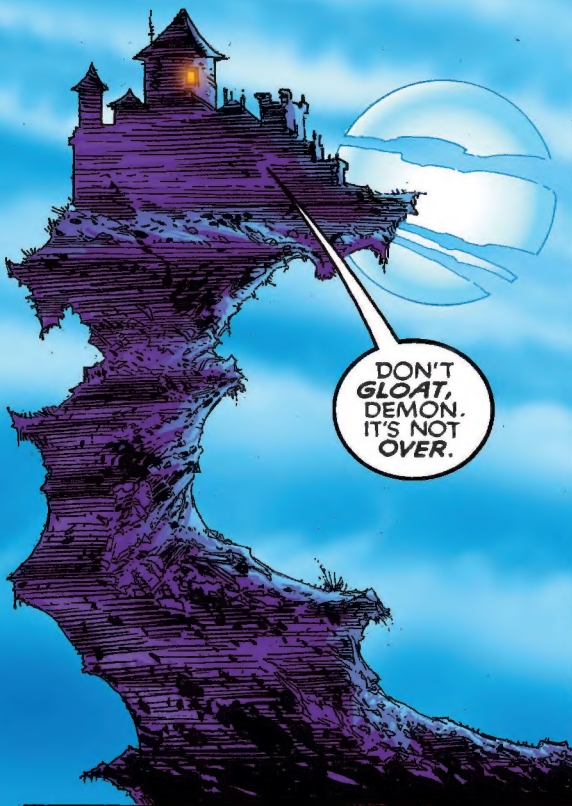
DAY BREAKS.

FINALLY SATISFIED
WITH ITS REVENGE,
THE COSTUME
FOCUSES WITHIN.
TWITCHES. JIGGS.
SHAKES. GENTLY
MODIFIES ITS
RUSHED ASSEMBLY
OF ITS HOST.

THEN, LIKE
A SATANIC
RAGGEDY ANDY,
SPAWN RISES.

THE COSTUME'S
REVISIONS WERE
SOMEWHAT
SUCCESSFUL.





DON'T GLOAT, DEMON. IT'S NOT OVER.



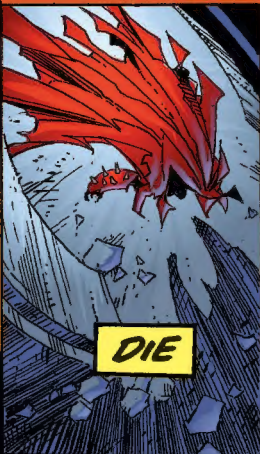
Oh, YES, IT IS.



THEN YOU'RE MORE IGNORANT THAN I THOUGHT.



FIRST RULE OF THUMB, HELLSPAWN: NEVER START A WAR UNLESS YOU'RE WILLING TO...



DIE



FOR



IT.





**THE AFTERMATH--
NEXT ISSUE!**



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE